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Bard

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The nightmare we permit
'mare' is news, is a horse,
is a story the night tells me:

"there is no us.
Us, we, is a grammatical fiction,
a slip of the tongue.

You are one."
The night has no news
but what we bring.

There is no we.
I bring the night
all of me,

the night is a surgeon
paralyzes me, injects
visions down the optic nerve

and makes me see
myself displayed,
all the parts of me

anatomized
all over the place
jabbering their intimate politics

touching soundless fingers.
bricks scattered in the empty street,
by making love to all these people

I can save the world
the night tells me.
But they are not people.

1 November 2007

= = = = =

So lifting something
is always you.
A thought
cupped in my hands.

1 XI 07

ALIEN

I used to think I was born here
now I know better. Something
was born here but it is not me.
Some name the Latin tried to hear,
my mother wrote it down, the priest
pronounced it to the water
and someone was. Had a name.
He called himself a priest at least
but was a higher being, someone lost,
a visionary washed offshore, Long Island.
He heard what he was ready to hear
and someone was. They tell me
that was me but I know better.
Sit here and wait for the world,
I know they'll catch up and find me
and what kind of music will be then?
You with your bassoon
sneaking around in people's houses
or you with your slim sword rehearsing
shadow moves on Crispin's Day
until the cops come wailing and lamenting
you broke the only law we had
now what will we do? Go home,
I'll cry, let me go home at last
and then the world will be small again,
I swear it, I am the toxin, the foreign body
lodged in your logic, expel me
from your system and you'll heal.
I am the enemy of nature, the contra,
I am Unnature itself, the Upside-Down,
the fallen leaf springs back to the branch,
I am the enemy of everything, I am love
and I know all your names now let me go.

1 November 2007

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I don't need anything like that.
I need a hat.
You're Greek. I Sumerian.

1 XI 07

= = = = =

The white man did it.
Méti? Is mis-
cegenation the only answer,
and will it work,
to dilute the “boundless greed of the white man”
until we’re all darker and at peace?

Or is that greed a pale virus in their chromosomes,
corrupting every other race,
a leper-white infiltration
spoiling all? Does the greed go with the Bach?

Aryan paranoid greed people
poured into Asia and married black and brown,
Krishna means black, Kali
our new mother. White men got born again
brown and black.

Siddharta journeys
till he is dark as wood. Gives light,
is not white. Old greed becomes
a pantheon of new gods, outside of us,
a greed for sheer existence now,
not land, slaves, money, property,
not ownership, not rulership,

a temple full of smoke and light
celebrating *Instances of Being*—
the so-called gods. And one bright mind
behind it all. Greedless,
endlessly giving. Mind,
heal white man. In Mahakala dark a newborn smiles.

1 November 2007

= = = = =

As if it had eyes in it
or it had eyes
somewhere we could use

another sort of music
to find, nothing
we ever heard, would ever hear,

an open door
makes music like it
but it is not it.

1 November 2007

= = = = =

Keep counting
the numbers will get there
eventually
the future
that penthouse where nobody lives

keep counting
the steps
grow out of your feet
if you did not climb
there would be no mountain at all.

1 November 2007

= = = = =

Our sword so long
tip snap off chink
of steel on slate
an empire's lost
but whose?
Raindrops, raindrops.

2 November 2007

MERCENARIES

Mercenaries in their mottled clothes
make war against the common man.
They are simple. They hate for money.
They are the enemies of bread.

2 XI 07

= = = = =

But somebody's always waiting
in that parallel dimension they call
'at home' if they're lucky enough
to have landed by night and storm
from Africa. Some countries
have more language, some
more silences. Here
we keep the music on all day long
because the landscape is so loud
we have to drown the mountains out
otherwise we'd never be at home,
we'd just be here, like owls, like foxes.

2 November 2007

= = = = =

Sometimes it feels as if I have too much to say
to be in this business of ordered silences.
And then I stop to listen, and can hear
the gorgeous nothing behind what I think I mean.

2 November 2007

= = = = =

Come what may,
it does.

Then what?
A flute next door.

Next door to what?
You have to understand

a word right here
that says we love

the world and both
of us the same way

in it, the sound
of listening.

2 November 2007

= = = = =

This sign
means nothing.
Don't give it
even the first thought.

2 XI 07

= = = = =

That we know things about each other
that we are good.

That there are warm peaches
growing on old oak trees in this cold

is not certain.
But dear god the taste of them!

2 November 2007

= = = = =

(the form of the
girl the sleek
ends now

in a year she'll
be someone else
but now the sooth

the truth the smooth)

2 XI 07

= = = = =

Things worry me.
This is map of northern Spain
showing the pilgrim's route
after he takes leave of Saint James
and knows from all he knows
that he can never go home.

Pilgrim is a permanent affection.
James, brother of Our Lord.
a different testament. The secret
come follow *me*. The pilgrim
must always be a pilgrim.
He finds temporary lodgings
along the way: music. Wine.
The shade of eucalyptus trees'
blue leaves. Once every year
the wind falls, the sun rests
on the horizon and the birds leave town.

Now he is a man with an horizon.
 "It binds what I see
 but it does not bind me."
Then timid night ambles up the street.

2 November 2007
Kingston

= = = = =

Everything had a beginning once,
soon lost it. A lake
in the mountains is all that's left.
A crazy man living up the hill.

Once everything was smooth.
You'd think that Time
who polishes even ancient rocks
would make us smoother too but no

but no, a man
is as old as his skin,
the barber knows all our secrets,
the whole town's afraid of him

and he of them, the lost beginnings
smell like earwax, lilac lotion
for our unclean hair, matchsticks
fresh or spent, we smell like fire

and he cries out in his sleep,
the barber. What have I touched.
What have I seen. Will I
always have to remember everything?

3 November 2007

SATURN'S DAY

On this day Saturn said
No more children.
I will use my lusts
for other gods. Goals.

And so he made the stars.
Stand still he told them
till I have done with my dance
an old god loves to dance alone.

Now I have finished.
This is earth. Now
you can run away from it.
The stars are fleeing still.

3 November 2007

= = = = =

Suppose a poet spent his life
writing out a myth.
And the myth was wrong.
What then?
What could he do to make it true?
How much can music do?
And who is she?

3 November 2007

EPITAPHION

His suicide note
is the only evidence
that he ever lived.

3 XI 07

= = = = =

Things always do.
They have gone
and sleep now
for winter, the Nagas,
and we can tell
stories again, the ones
that are only true
when told and seldom
actual. A piece
of shale chipped
from the rock wall,
a word scratched
on it defying you.
Read me with no rain.

3 November 2007